

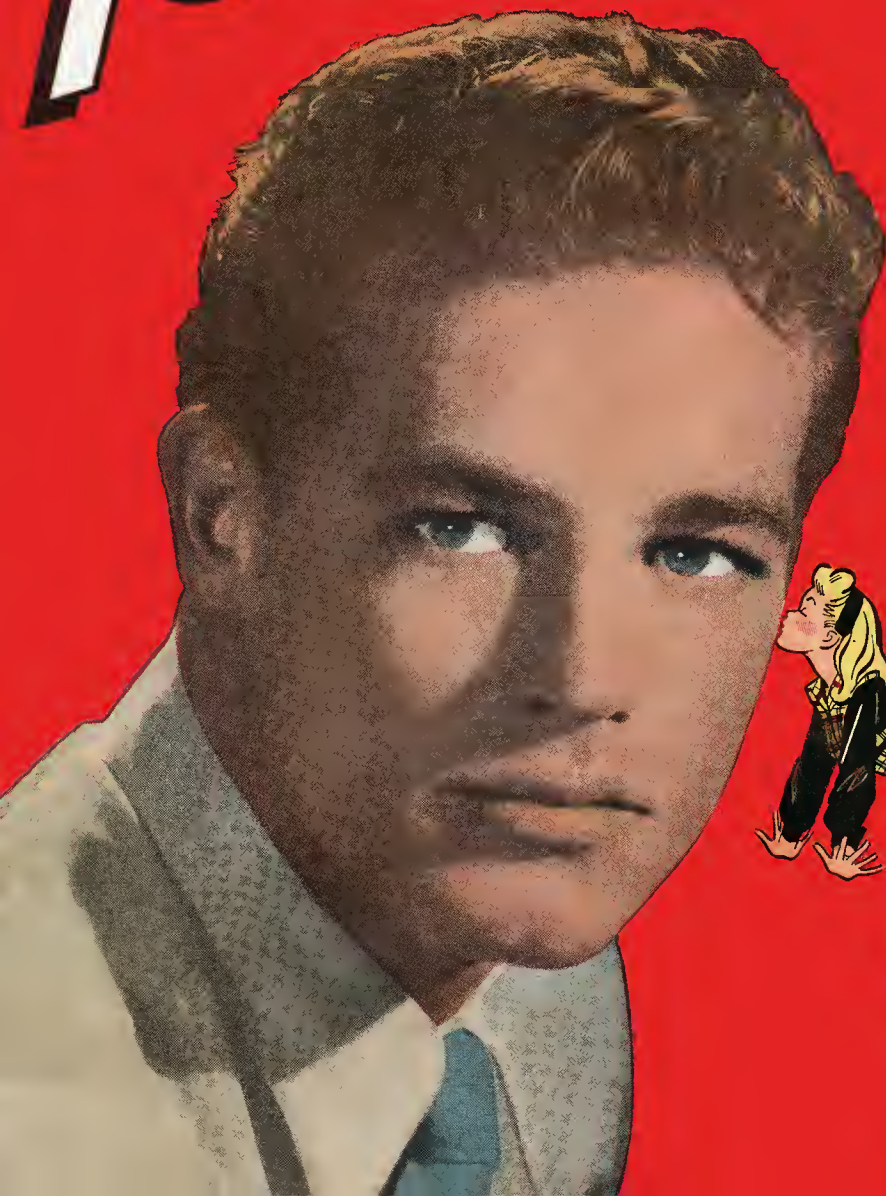
keen **teens**

FEBRUARY

MARCH

No. 3

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WHO? WHEN?

YOU PROBABLY RECOGNIZE THE HANDSOME LAD WITH THE EXOTIC GIRL IN HIS ARMS. BUT WHO IS SHE?

SHE IS A WELL-KNOWN STAGE ACTRESS; HE IS A TOP BOX-OFFICE STAR IN THE MOVIES. WHEN WAS THIS PHOTO TAKEN?



Chorus-boy Van Johnson dancing with June Havoc in the stage musical, Pal Joey. Time: 1941.



WE *aim* TO PLEASE



WE mean well. Our hearts are (we hope) in the right place. It is our sincere intention to publish a magazine designed especially for you teen-age girls, and it is our fond ambition, needless to say, to please you one and all.

We won't go wrong *if* you help to steer us. There is a questionnaire on the last page of this book; if you will fill it out and send it in to us, we'll have a better idea of what you want, what you like, what we must give you in order to make this book *your* magazine.

More than that, we'd like to get letters from you, right now and in the future, telling us what you like about the book and what you *don't* like about it. Our editorial policy will be guided accordingly.

With our fingers crossed, we wish ourselves good luck, and you — good reading!



Keen Teens

NO. 3

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ABOUT THE COVER

That good-looking Guy who gazes solemnly at you from the cover is Madison (will you forgive our pun?), and he's really something! In the Navy when he signed a movie contract, Guy played a sailor in his first picture. Girl on the cover is by artist Creig Flessel . . .

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A Good Catch

by LESLIE NELSON



The best thing for a girl to do if her boy-friend is a fisherman is to learn to like fishing. But what do you do when "a big one that got away" comes along . . . ?

SO I LIKE to fish. That isn't so terrible, the way I look at it. My dream man likes to fish, so I'd be a dizzy duck if I didn't snatch hours to be with him, wouldn't I? Besides, fishing can be like money in your jeans. Just take a look at my new Penn reel and that bamboo rod if you don't believe me.

Dream Dust—that's Tommy Barnes—gets mad every time he thinks about that day and the way the man pushed him, but I don't. I remember my new rod and reel, and get a little smug about the whole thing. Because even Tommy admits that if it hadn't been for me and my foolish habits (he says!) things might not be so rosy for us.

I was in the kitchen, taking the coke bottles out of the box the grocery boy had just delivered (and thinking about how much I like cold coke and ham sandwiches on rye) when Tommy whistled. My scuffies fell off my heels as I stood on my toes to look out the sink window. Tommy was on the sidewalk with his Columbia bike and fishing tackle.

"Come on, Edna. What's keeping you?"

"Oh . . . we were going fishing today, weren't we? I meant to make some sandwiches, Tommy. Forgot. Sorry, boy. Have them ready in a second."

"Never mind the eats," he called. "You're always thinking about food."

"Well! You're the one who eats all the food I bring, Tommy Barnes. Don't you talk. And no cracks about my sandwiches, either. If you don't like them —"

Tommy got that martyred look and climbed down off his bike and loafed in that way of his toward the back steps. He looked cute today with his black letter sweater that he got for playing third base on the High baseball team, and the old tweed pants he wears fishing. I worked around the kitchen and let him see that I wasn't having any. He'd have to do better than stand fussing with his fishing hat before he got back into my good graces. I was really killing two birds with the same rock, because I'd promised Mother to clean the kitchen while she went shopping. I even goldbricked to look at Pop's paper and read all about the convict who escaped over around Kent. But I kept watching Tommy out of the corner of my eyes all the time.

"Awww, Edna. I didn't mean anything."

"We-ell . . ."

I let him see I could be coaxed. He grinned. "I hear Old Duke is back."

Old Duke was a ten pound trout that used to rule the Hole until he went downstream a year ago. Once in a while a smart angler got Duke to nibble, but

nobody ever caught him.

I whipped up sandwiches while Tommy was getting my old rod and reel and flies out of the kitchen closet. I stuffed them in a box and added three bottles of coke. Mentally I licked my lips. How I was going to enjoy those sandwiches!

That's what I thought!

We pedalled along dusty Lake Road until we came to the big rocks along the shore. We leaned the bikes against some oaks and ducked under its branches. Tommy's father keeps a little rowboat tied to a wharf, and he lets Tommy use it during the "season."

The Hole really is a lake. It's long and wide, but not too deep. A man could wade across if it weren't for a big depression right down the middle of the lake. On one side is Hotchkiss County and the shore on the other side belongs to Mercedes County. That depression gives the lake its name. It's one mighty big hole, all right. Pop says it was made ages ago, when the ice sheet covered this section of the country. All Tommy and I know is that the Hole hides some of the biggest and best fish we ever caught.

A man with a black stubble on his cheeks and little black pig-eyes stood alongside the boat. My knees started in to shake like castanets!

While Tommy rowed, I attached the silk flies and hooks to the lines. We didn't have much of a choice of flies. They were expensive, so Tommy and I made the best of what we had, natch. I looped a string around the coke bottles and dangled them over the side of the boat in the water. It keeps the coke nice and cold.

"Stop fussing," growled Tommy, lifting the oars so as not to startle the fish. "We're almost there."

I handed him his rod and we settled down to good, steady fishing. We didn't notice the chirping of the birds in the willows, or the buzzing of flies and gnats, nor the frightened scurry of a rabbit running through the woods. It was quiet—

"Hey!"

I almost fell over the side of the boat, I was so





startled. That yell was right in my ears! Tommy said, "What do you want?" in his angry-scared voice.

A man with a black stubble on his cheeks and little black pig-eyes stood alongside the boat, up to his thighs in the water. I recognized him from his picture in the paper that I'd seen that morning in the kitchen, and my knees started in to play like castanets. He was the escaped convict from Kent!

The tie-rope from the boat had fallen into the water somehow, because he had hold of it and started pulling us toward him, hand over hand.

He had a gun in his pocket. The way it made his patched trousers sag pressing its outlines against the cloth was enough to give a gal the screaming meemies. He wore a thin white shirt without a tie and a scuffed, old hat on the back of his head.

The man smiled with what was meant to be reassurance, but his smile only made him look tougher. He put a foot over the side of the boat, dripping water, and pulled himself in. Tommy got up and said, "Say, you can't come in here."

He looked at Tommy and put a hand flat on his chest and pushed. Tommy flew back and fell between the seats, banging his head on the floorboards.

The man looked ugly. He snarled, "You kids row me to the other side, or else —! You get funny and you get hurt! I want out of Hotchkiss County. Grab the oars. I'd row myself but if I turned you kids loose you'd make trouble. Hurry up!"

He pulled the revolver out of his pocket and looked from it to us, so Tommy and I took the oars. We rowed pretty fast. The sooner we got rid of him the better.

Then he saw the little lunch kit. He lifted the lid and laughed when he saw the sandwiches. He said, "Ham sandwiches on rye. This is like a picnic."

He sat there eating the sandwiches and looking at us with those pig-eyes. I hadn't been hungry until I saw him wolfing down those ham-on-ryes. To think I'd made those sandwiches with just the right amount of mustard all for that — that big crook!

We were near the other shore when he stopped eating. He said, "Not bad. Not bad at all. Thanks, kids." He stood up in the prow and turned toward the shoreline. I leaned toward Tommy and whispered, "We have to get him, Tommy."

Tommy stared at me as if I were crazy. He said, "Didn't you see his gun? You're bats. We haven't got a weapon."

"Oh, yes, we have," I whispered back, and winked at him.

The man leaned over the front of the boat. He put out a foot to touch it down on the leaf-covered shore of Mercedes County. And it was then, while he was looking at the woods ahead of him, that Tommy and I went into action.

We lifted the coke bottles up from the cord where they had dangled unseen in the water. We each took one and jumped at him. The bottles bounced on his head. He gave a grunt and fell out into the water.

"Quick, Tommy. Now!"

We took our fishing kits and upended them over him where he wallowed in the water. The sharp little fishhooks fell and clung in the folds of his wet shirt. There must have been fifty fishhooks in those kits. More than half of them got caught in his shirt.

Tommy yelled, "Those hooks are barbed. If you put up a fight they'll dig in and you'll need an operation to get them all out!"

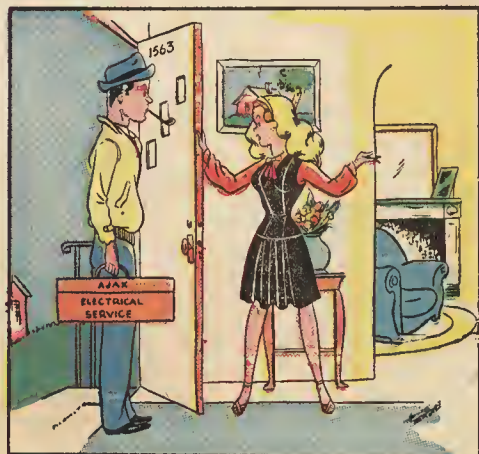
He tried to struggle up and into the boat, but some of the fishhooks went to work and he gave a funny look and stopped abruptly. We left the fishhooks alone, but tied him up with the tough cord from our fishing reels. As we rowed down to forest ranger Jim Peter's cabin, the man sat so still you'd think he was made out of soapstone!

They gave us the reward money and we bought new fishing reels and rods and a whole new set of silk flies. They had to cut the other ones off the convict.

We stocked up on coke and ham. Tommy and I are going back after Old Duke again and this time—

Ohoh! There's Tommy now. Have to run. So long everybody . . .

THE END.



"I want the light over by the sofa fixed so it will go off automatically. My boy friend is bashful."

PARTY



I HOPE YOUR CAR CAN GET US TO THE DANCE BECAUSE I CAN'T WALK IN THESE SHOES!

I HAVEN'T MET A BOY ALL EVENING WHO WANTS TO DISCUSS ALGEBRA



I'M NEVER VERY LUCKY DANCING THE PAUL JONES, ARE YOU?



ANY OF YOU BOYS SEEN MY DATE?

HER DATE



DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR FEET, HOMER - I WON'T STEP ON THEM!

GIRLS



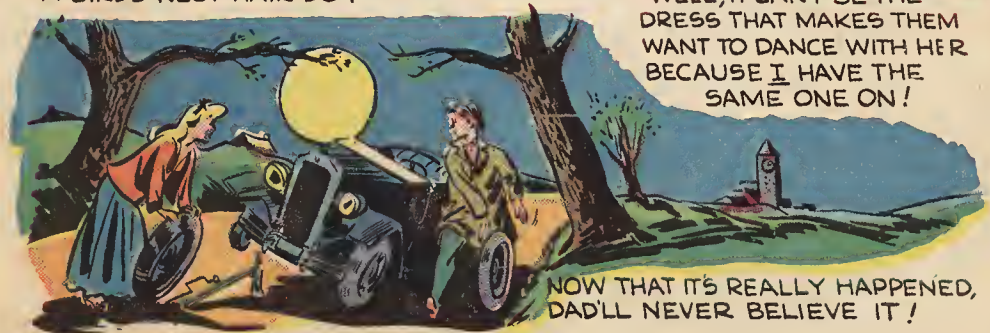
I FIND BY KEEPING SLIM YOU ALWAYS GET PLENTY TO EAT



I SPEND HOURS SO I'LL LOOK GLAMOUROUS AND HE CALLS IT A BIRD'S NEST HAIR DO!



WELL, IT CAN'T BE THE DRESS THAT MAKES THEM WANT TO DANCE WITH HER BECAUSE I HAVE THE SAME ONE ON!



NOW THAT IT'S REALLY HAPPENED, DAD'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!



TERRIFIC! That's you. In your dreams at least, and sometimes in your waking hours, you're belle of the ball, date for a dream, the non-rationed sweetness in everybody's life. You're out to do everything at once—snare the latest fashion flash, snatch the super-man of the school, prove to parents (dear but often provoking) that you're practically the family cornerstone, show teachers that the community couldn't up and buzz without you around to make things hum. You're terrific (it says here in the script, and your best and brightest wishful thinking went into that script). Why let your blooming ambitions stay in the blue-print stage? Get in there and make those plans produce! Dates—polish up the social sparkle. Fashion—fix up the old (nothing is too old), put on the new. Home—set up an all-out campaign to demonstrate your fine touch in oiling the wheels of domestic progress. School—don't wince, the answer there is homework, well done today, better marks tomorrow, best experience for the rest of your life. The plan of your dreams is a four point program. Teens, you think you're terrific; go ahead and be it!

EAGER! That's you all day and every day. You fall downstairs on the way to meet the gang on the porch steps. You scatter Mother's sewing box to the four corners of the living room (there's a darned needle still sticking out of the far edge of the rug) when all you were looking for was one un-bent, un-rusty, straight pin. Lunch bell rings, and you beat the world's record for the indoor mile getting from Classroom E fourth floor north, to Lunch Line 1 main floor south. (The kind-of-heart are still picking up the pieces of the friends you left behind you.) Opening whistle shrills, and you practically fall face-first into the basketball court trying to cheer the home team. Sometimes your eagerness means embarrassing moments, short and definitely bitter-sweet. Sometimes it ties your tongue in knots and almost stops your heartbeat for sheer excitement. Eager is the word for you, teens. The world may laugh at your over-anxious blunders, but then the world is past the teen-age. The world is old, blasé, and the world is jealous.

ENTERTAINMENT! Anything for a laugh is your motto. Often the fun is really funny: witness those hilarious howls that rocked the rafters the last Friday night that you and yours (meaning the crowd) gathered about the family fire—radiator to you—for a session of sandwiches and slapjack. Remember the rolling-in-the-aisles laughter of the school show rehearsals, when Romeo lost his curls, and Juliet her cap, and the balcony crash landed on stage center front—all without benefit of Shakespeare. Entertainment aplenty in laughter like that. But how about these not-so-quickly-muffled snickers that sounded as the last of the wallflowers tripped over her only and one partner's feet? What price the fun of roaring loudly over nothing in your own little luncheon clique just to make the new student drooping over a lonely coke feel more out of it than ever? Just how side-splitting are those practical jokes, the hotfoot and the iron-man handclasp, that the life of the party keeps bringing along as his contribution to a jolly evening? Fun is fun, but teens, drag out that sporting spirit and remember that not quite anything will do for a laugh.

NOW! That is the only time for you! Now you must see that dreamy movie, complete with glamorpuss number one of Hollywood's Star Parade. Right this minute you've got to have the new dress you spotted in that second page ad in the evening edition of your local paper. Tonight is the night you're yearning to play over the newly arrived records (even though small brother has just trooped off to bed). Tomorrow would do as well perhaps, but you feel you can't wait. Wait! You hate the word. "Wait" is for wearybones, and your frame is aching to be up and doing. You're sure you must tear right off before the second hand of the clock ticks one tick further. "Now!" the clock keeps saying. "Now! Now! Now!" Before you run away from yourself, how about considering the question, "Is this haste necessary?" Take a minute, take two, to figure out the answer. Is it really important? Then be off; beat the clock to the chime. "No?" Then save your energy for tomorrow. (If the verdict is "Maybe," try the case again.)

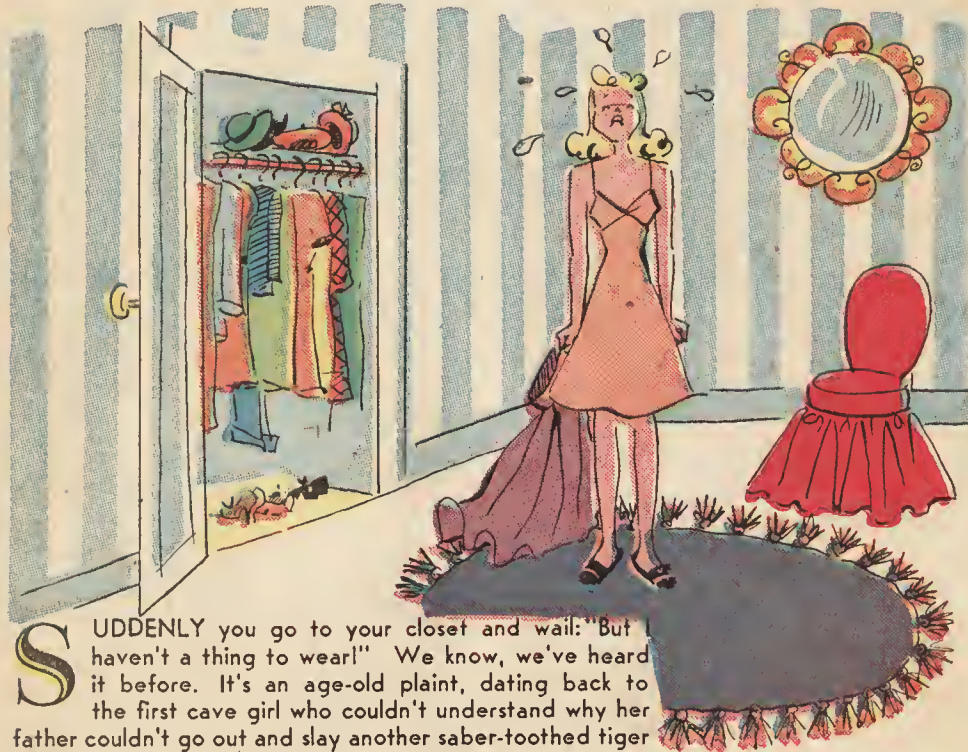
SMOOTH is a lovely word. The dictionary doesn't do it justice. The word has ceased merely to describe the surface of an object. Long since, "Smooth" has summed up all the social graces, the marks of popularity and of personality among the young and the not-so-young. "Smooth" means that A-1 good-grooming rating, shining hair, slick clothes, neat and all-of-a-piece outfit, erect carriage, a springy step, sparkle in the eyes, a model makeup job. "Smooth" means manners—not the grand manner of the great hostesses of tradition, not the stiff repeating of polite phrases, but easy, friendly, courtesy. "Smooth" means self-possession, a calm face to the world when your knees are knocking together with stagefright, a chin up bravery when your best date goes by with someone else. "Smooth" stands for charm—a warmth in your voice, a smile in your eyes, a "glad-to-see-you" attitude towards everyone in your world. And "smooth," really smooth, is a descriptive adjective that doesn't wear out. "Smooth" belongs to no one time, to no one situation. It's not smooth to turn on the glamor for the prom, then treat the family circle to Blue Monday sulks seven days a week. It's rough around the edges to beam at your dreamboat by the hour, and snarl at small sister every minute. Company manners that disintegrate as soon as the visitors cross the Welcome Mat on their way out are far from that peak of personality marked by that all-time, all-age charm—Smooth. It takes *we*—all day and every day to rate the adjective. Teens, get on the job!



T-E-E-N-S spells a lot
of things.
by Judy Kirk

make a PLAN

By Joan Finley



SUDDENLY you go to your closet and wail: "But I haven't a thing to wear!" We know, we've heard it before. It's an age-old plaint, dating back to the first cave girl who couldn't understand why her father couldn't go out and slay another saber-toothed tiger so she could look as smart as Nelly Neanderthal who lived two caves down the mountain.

BUT being well-dressed is never so much a matter of money as of planning. The best-dressed women and girls that you know actually don't spend as much money as you imagine—they spend a far more valuable commodity, however—time. They plan out their fashion lives. Planning means sitting down quietly with yourself and a piece of white paper and a freshly sharpened pencil and thinking in terms of two dimensions—"What Do I Have" and "What Do I Need." Take that piece of white paper and draw a line spang down the center and start to organize your clothes line-up with a chart such as shown on the next page. . . .

	I Have	I Need
Coats		
Blouses		
Skirts		
Shoes		
Suits		
Socks		
Sweaters		
Date Dresses		
School Dresses		
Play Suits		
Slacks, Shorts		
Slips		
Belts		
Bags		
Gloves		
Miscellaneous		

NOW check off exactly what's in your closets — and in just what condition they are. There's a bright new spring season ahead of you and these gloomy mid-winter days are just the time to take inventory of your closet. Once you know just where you stand — and in just what state of repair all of your garments are — you may proceed to check what you need. This takes careful thought—and no wild flights of fancy, please! You have two suits—one from several years back—so you feel that this spring you need a new suit, perhaps in gray or navy blue. You check slowly and carefully down the list — tallying as you go with what you have in your wardrobe.

Your last step in this campaign is to present the family with this plan. Dad will be overjoyed to note your careful planning and Mother will see that you know just how your present wardrobe stacks up. From there on, it's a simple step to the actual shopping — and how much more simplified that will be when you know just what you want to buy.

Keep a check-up on your wardrobe — paste it up inside your closet door for ready reference. Your friends will envy you your wardrobe — and you'll never wonder what to wear — you'll *know*!



... It might have been all right if Jean hadn't turned up. Suddenly she was there, sparkling, smiling, making everyone else look just a little dim.

POPCORN ^{for} TWO

by KAY RICHARDS

Peggy had grief because Jean had Kirk; but Midge was in Peg's corner, and popcorn was all over the floor. It could happen to you . . .



MOTHER'S brow crinkled in a worried frown. "After all, Peggy," she said, "— Jean saw him first." Her voice was the essence of gentle reasoning, but the small, fiery-eyed girl before her just went two shades deeper crimson and came two seconds nearer tears.

"But I want to see him *last*. I've just got to! I don't care whether—" The tears were practically spilling over from the green eyes; long brown lashes flicked down to hide them. When you're a junior in high you don't cry. Not in public anyway.

Peggy looked carefully down at the floor. She was a cute little figure, very pretty, very woebegone. Auburn hair in a feather cut, a smattering of freckles on a short nose, a dimple that would show if she ever smiled again. Peggy was all right—the only thing that worried her was that this time she wasn't right enough. Mother was being a good sport about understanding the whole thing, but there were moments when being a good sport didn't help.

"Tell me again now. What happened? You saw Kirk this afternoon on the way home, and . . . ?"

Peggy dug a deeper hole in the carpet with the toe of one fashionably scuffed loafer. Her lips trembled a little; her voice didn't quaver though, she was proud of that.

"I was coming home with Midge and we saw them, down by the green. He was walking her home."

"Well, that isn't so bad. They live in the same direction."

"Yes, but he'll probably ask her to the game, and maybe the prom. And if they go to the prom together, I can't bear it. I just can't!"

"Peggy, aren't you looking for trouble? After all—" The shrill ringing of the phone cut across Mrs. Martin's sentence. Peggy got to it first, a wild gleam of hope in her eyes. After a minute she turned back, drooping again. "It's for you, Mom—Mrs. Burke." With that dispirited announcement, she trooped upstairs, one foot dragging behind the other.

Her room gave its usual cheerful greeting of green and rust plaids. There was the wide window looking out over the lawn, the dressing table, somewhat awry at the top, but gala in yellow chintz skirts, the bed, head and foot sawed off, masquerading successfully as a couch. There was the bulletin board blazing with gold school pennants and blue and white notes. It was a gay room and Peggy was very proud of it, but today she didn't even bother to pat the panda on the couch, or to read the latest cartoon on the board. Today she slumped on the window seat and looked out into the clear blue-grey

of the autumn twilight, and remembered how it all began.

Just a month ago there'd been one sun-spangled afternoon when the wind whipped the red and gold leaves, and the football team tore out at three with terrific shouts. There'd been the usual crowd on the high steps. Casual blazers and corduroys on the boys, plaid skirts and solid-colored sweaters on the girls. They'd all stood in the sunshine, laughing, milling about, making a lot of noise just for the sheer joy of being alive—then Midge had come tearing up the gravel path, her red cardigan open and her straight blonde hair streaming on the breeze.

"Peggy! Peg, come on. Hurry up. I've loads to tell you!" The gleam in her eye said "It's important." The wave of her hand said "It's fun."

Peggy scooped up her books and tore. They slid away from the gang, they hurried down the tree-lined street—two heads together, the blonde bob and the auburn feather cut.

It had been super all right. Midge had fixed a foursome for the evening. Midge would be one and Chuck (Midge's current big moment) another, and Peggy herself of course, but the fourth—that was the payoff. The fourth was Kirk Raymond. The basketball dream, the smooth dancer, the answer to everyone's prayer at High. Kirk, all lanky six feet of him, was coming over to Midge's house that night with Chuck. They were going to roll back the rugs and try the new records, or maybe leave

the rugs alone and go out to the movies. But anyhow, she'd see him, talk to him. The thought sent shivers down every inch of her spine. He was really something. Those nice straight shoulders, that wavy dark hair, and the thin face that looked independent and sulky until he suddenly smiled. And that smile—none of your tooth-paste ad smirks, but a real, right from inside, smile that meant "It's good to be here." A smile that came right from those very dark eyes that could be black and that could be hazel, but you didn't care which because either way they were wonderful. Peggy'd seen him smile like that at the last tea dance. Oh not at her, no such luck, he'd been smiling at Jean, the small brunette with the terrific line. But tonight she wouldn't have to watch him with someone else: he'd be right there with her.

That night after supper she tried on four skirts and three sweaters before any combination suited. The brown was too every-dayish. The green velvet, too dressy. The grey sweater looked drab, but the gold one looked gaudy. At last color won out—she went in brown and gold, her green eyes blazing, and her color so high she was afraid everyone could tell that this was a four-star evening in her life.

Midge's living-room was the comfortable lived-in kind. It had a good big chair on one side of the fireplace. Peggy got into it fast: her knees wouldn't hold up any longer. Midge, blithe in blue, kept up her usual rapid fire conversation. The boys hadn't come yet.

"Isn't it super, Peg? Hey, stop looking so scared! You look wonderful. We'll have a marvelous time. Maybe we'll go dancing down at Joe's, or to the movies. Chuck got his allowance today." The bell cut across her words. It wasn't far to the front door. Midge was back in no time flat, dragging the boys behind her. There was Chuck, fair and rosy and slightly on the short side. And there in the doorway, very tall and pleasant, with an "I'll take care of myself thank you," air was Kirk.

Midge tossed off the introductions with the ease of a hostess-from-the-cradle, and ended with the lively question, "Now that everyone knows everyone, what'll we do tonight?"

Chuck looked amiable, as usual. If Midge had wanted to pick a few stars, he'd have charted her a course along the Milky Way. He was long on good wishes, but short on ideas. "Whatever you want," he said.

Midge wrinkled her nose. "Helpful, isn't he?"

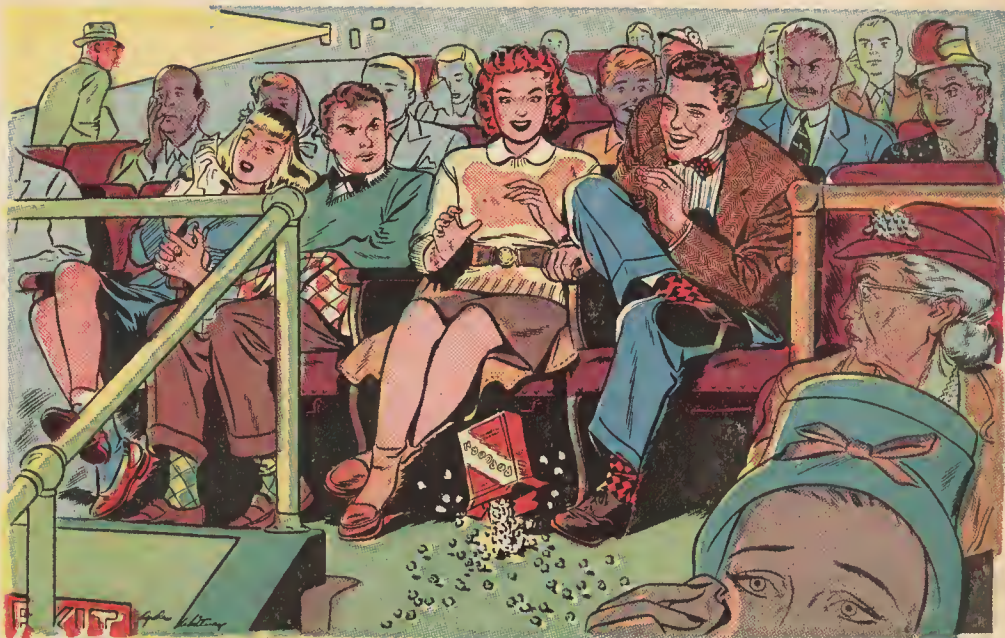
"Very." Peggy could just get that much out. Kirk was moodily poking the fire; he spoke over his shoulder, "Anything you want's all right with me." That left them back at the start. Midge tried again.

"Movies?" "Movies." Chuck was there already. "Movies?" Kirk looked straight at Peggy, a twinkle far down his dark eyes. She twinkled back, she smiled; the dimple came out and looked very good indeed. "Movies." She laughed—they all laughed. The ice was broken. From then on the evening was grand.

There'd been movies, a nice romantic musical.



Midge came tearing up the gravel path.



There wasn't a dry eye in the house . . . and then Peggy dropped the popcorn!

And there'd been popcorn—Kirk loved it too, it seemed. And there'd been the tender moment when the hero kissed the heroine goodbye, and there wasn't a dry eye in the house, and Peggy dropped the popcorn and it sounded like pop guns going to war, and Chuck and all the people had been furious, but she and Kirk had laughed until the tears had rolled helplessly down their faces.

"That's the girl," he had whispered. "Go on, bounce it all over the place. Don't you care. I'll pick up your popcorn any time." It was the nearest he'd come to a compliment. She liked to remember it.

Afterwards it had been nice walking home, listening to him tell about the last basketball game. She'd put in all the proper "ohs" and "ahs" and he'd seemed to like it. The stars looked down pleasantly. She wanted to say "Star Light, Star Bright," but she was afraid he wouldn't like it.

"You're a funny kid," he said suddenly. "You get so wide-eyed about everything. I'll bet," a bit scornfully, "—you wish on stars."

"I do." There was no point in pretending about something like that.

He'd looked down very indulgently. Just as he had when she'd dropped the popcorn. "Well," he smiled, "—I hope you get your wish."

She'd laughed at that, laughed right in his face, laughed and laughed, for how could he know that she'd wished he'd come to see her again, come again, and come often. And Kirk had laughed too and had said she was nuts. And they'd parted on a comfortable crescendo of chortles and a half promise

to do the evening over again sometime.

They had gone out again, just once. A coke date this time, after school. Over at Joe's with the gang. A very hilarious afternoon it had started out, with Peggy in a new white sweater, and all the crowd calling her Snow White and wanting to know if Kirk was "Dopey." Everything had been swell, except for the dancing. Peggy could dance but she wasn't quite good enough for Kirk. He knew too many steps, and he liked his partners to catch on quickly. Even then it might have been all right if Jean hadn't turned up. Suddenly she was there, sparkling, smiling, making everyone else look just a little dim. It didn't matter that Jean's sparkle was all on the surface, like the stardust on a Christmas card that glows off and leaves just a prickly surface underneath. She was fun, you had to admit that, and she was pretty. That black, black hair and the turquoise sweater that set off her blue-black eyes. And of course she had two boys of her own with her so that made it quite all right when she'd asked to join Kirk and Peggy in their booth.

"Kirk, just look at you and Peggy being absolute monopolists of that booth. Just because you're the answer to a coach's prayer doesn't give you leave to get in our way—does it kids?" Just as Kirk was primed to answer her, she'd swung around to Tom and Joe, getting them in on the audience side. Oh, her technique was good. So of course Kirk was delighted to share the booth, and he was delighted to show Jean the new step he'd learned—and there they were together with the juke box crooning on a high trumpet solo, and the big dark boy and the

small dark girl dancing in the little space, dancing as good partners should dance, smooth and gay and looking made for each other. And Peggy'd pushed as far back in the booth as she could and hated everything and everyone, but most of all herself, because she had red hair and green eyes, and was slow on the pickup, instead of black hair, and eyes like velvet, and feet that flew.

After that there hadn't been much hope. Oh he'd taken her home and said the proper things, but she'd been still frozen with jealousy and hurt feelings. And to cover up she'd gotten very silly and chattered on and on, till she hadn't made very good sense, and hadn't at all remembered that Kirk liked to do the talking himself.

There had been the week that had followed, with

denly the lights flashed on and there, tears and all, she was caught. Midge was in the doorway, looking amazed, and aghast, and just a little disapproving.

"I've got a cold." The alibi wasn't too good, but she had to say something.

"I'll bet." You couldn't fool Midge. Her tone said as much. Blonde head cocked, blue eyes frankly skeptical, she strolled about the room, inspected the bulletin board, waltzed back to three feet in front of Peggy and began very deliberately.

"So you let him get away—?"

"I did . . ."

"Don't interrupt. I introduced you to the dreamiest man in the school and what did you do?"

"I did—" Peggy's cheeks were several deeper shades of scarlet.



nights of waiting, oh very casually, for the 'phone to ring. There'd been the ghastly night when three wrong numbers and a call from Midge had sent her upstairs to weep in private over the fourth algebra problem. There'd been the Sunday afternoon game last week, when she'd dressed very gaily in her best new brown corduroy suit, and had gone with Timmy, only to sit three hours watching every move of the High center. No matter where the ball was, no matter what the play, Peggy watched Kirk. She didn't miss anything. Not the way he'd waved to Jean in the stands, not the way he'd called so casually afterwards. "Don't forget, Jeanie—I'll meet you in fifteen minutes."

And then today, seeing them trail down the maple lane after school, looking for all the world like a magazine picture, that had been the last straw. Maybe it didn't make sense. Maybe Jean had seen him first, but fair or no fair, she had to see him last, she had to.

It was quite dark in her room now, dark and a little chilly. There wasn't anyone to see if she cried. It had been so nice, those two dates. Sure, there were other kids. Timmy, and Johnny, and even that nice quarterback, the one with the blond hair—but none of them was Kirk. None of them was as smart as he was, none of them had that sidelong glance and friendly smile. None—she was building up to a real cloudburst of self-pity. She never heard the bell ring downstairs, nor heard Mother's voice, "Good to see you Midge, run right on up." She never heard the flying feet on the stairs—until sud-

"You needn't get so red. It doesn't go with your hair. You let Kirk get away. Don't tell me. I heard all about it from Chuck. He didn't know he was saying anything, the dope, boys never do, but he told me all—the coke date and the little episode of Jean waltzing in. It must have been swell! Why didn't you tell me?"

Peggy looked at the couch spread and didn't say anything. Midge's voice softened.

"Never mind, kid, I guess it was pretty raw. But with someone like Kirk you've got to expect competition. There, there," she patted Peggy's shoulder absent-mindedly, her thoughts obviously off on some devious paths of their own. "Have you seen him since?"

Peggy shook her head, still without words. Midge sat down on the dressing table stool, kicked impatiently at its yellow ruffles, smoothed her long bob, and, chin in hand, settled down to business.

"You might as well forget the prom. No." (as Peggy looked up with a heart-broken gleam) "Save your tears, he's probably set to ask Jean all right, and I don't blame him. But Chuck says that the whole basketball squad will be out of town until just after the dance. So there you're safe."

A glimmer of hope shone on Peggy's spirit. If the prom wasn't on the books for Jean and Kirk, perhaps life might be worth living again. Midge was going on: "But two weeks from now there's the November tea dance, and there, my pet, you've got to be the belle of the ball. Don't ask me how—" she was nothing if not frank, "—but the belle of the

ball you've got to be. So pull yourself together and we'll go into the matter."

During the two weeks that followed they went into the matter very thoroughly. There were sessions and sessions. Midge had a lot on the ball, part of it a fighting spirit that began little by little to stiffen Peggy's drooping backbone. They were in Midge's room one evening, and the little blonde was sounding off with a line that would have done credit to Elizabeth Arden.

"Get your head up, dopey. Yes, I know you're sick of hearing it, but you've got to sweep into that gym so it'll stay swept. Get it up. That's the ticket."

"Shall I leave my hair like this?" This was Peggy coming up from under the dictionary, which was balanced on her head in the best Conover tradition.

"Well..." The tone was judiciously disapproving. "It's too long for that feather-cut arrangement unless you're trying to suggest ostrich plumes. So why not let it hang glamorous like. You know, brush like mad and let the auburn waves fall where they may." (Midge took a major in English which accounted for her alarming sentences.) "And then, your dress..."

"Mother says all right to a new one unless I still want a school suit."

"Well?" They had both agreed long ago that their old suits were worn "to rags," but, Peggy felt, this was no time to be practical.

"Never mind the suit. I want a new dress."

They got a new dress the next afternoon. Midge and Mother and Peg. It was a smooth little number. A full skirt—that was for dancing, Midge explained, though Peggy winced at the word. A sweetheart neckline to show off her good strand of pearls. A soft wool in gold—"So the stags will see you and cut in." That was Midge again with advice to the datelorn. The gold plus Peggy's new pageboy was right in the Autumn spotlight.

Everything began to brighten save for that one dark cloud that was labeled d-a-n-c-i-n-g. They were arm-and-arming it home from school one late afternoon when Peggy brought up the problem.

"Midge, you keep saying it'll all turn out wonderfully at the dance, but you're forgetting, I still can't dance. Not any better than I did, anyway."

"That I don't like." Midge frowned, went on decisively, "Come over to the house tonight."

At seven-thirty, supper and homework behind her, Peggy came over. Midge had the rugs rolled up, the record-player in place; she had a load of good intentions and a ton of common sense.

"Glide, kid, glide, and if you don't get it, don't get flustered. Just flash that smile, remember the dimple, and look happy. Or tell him he's so good he'll just have to show you more slowly. Anyway, tell him something, but look gay and look a good time and you won't be stuck. Not with that gold dress and that hair. But if you droop—" the pretty fair face darkened. "If you droop, Peg, I'm through with you!"

"I won't droop." There was enough determination in her tone to stiffen a regiment.

Towards the end, the two weeks fairly flew. Soon, too soon, it was Saturday at three and she was dressed in the new gold wool, hair brushed out to every burnished strand, tense as a piano wire, frightened, excited, burning with most of Midge's fighting spirit and a little of her own. She and Midge were going together: it was a high tradition that everyone, boys and girls, went stag to the November tea dance. She and Midge were going, and once there, she Peggy, was going to "show" them. (Such was Midge's version of the afternoon.)

They were on their way at last. The streets were colder now and drabber than they had been three weeks ago. The leaves, dusty brown, rustled in the gutters. The bare branches of the trees were brown-black against the November sky. A chill little wind whipped the color into their faces. Dad had taken the car and Mother had urged them to walk the few blocks. "Good for the complexion, girls." Peggy was just as glad; she couldn't have borne having to listen to the chattering of a whole crowd—not when her every nerve was keyed to going over big at the tea dance, and to seeing Kirk.

"Now remember, you go in there and show them." Midge would have made a great coach. She never let down the cheering process, and if she didn't come out and say "Get in there and fight," still you knew what she meant. "You'll be great, Peggy. You'll have a wonderful time, and if Kirk—" she paused, and went on doggedly, "If Kirk gives the brunette menace a break, don't you care. Just wow the rest of the stags, and you won't even know he's there."

It was wonderful, thought Peggy two hours later, as she dipped and twirled with the big blonde quarterback, it was wonderful how wise Midge was. Here she'd been dancing with quite a collection of nice boys and she'd quite forgotten to notice how much Kirk danced with Jean. She didn't even care that he hadn't cut in yet, that is, she didn't care much. Why, it was easy to have fun with everyone—you just smiled and looked glad to see them and it didn't



"Get your head up, dopey!"

matter at all that Kirk wasn't around. With ninety percent of the males doing all right by you, there just wasn't time—

"Cut. . . ."

A capable hand was on the blonde quarterback's shoulder, a dark head towered over him—and Peg's calm reasonings went clear out of the pennant-draped gym window. Kirk gathered her up capably and swept off in his usual smooth glide. She couldn't think of a thing to say, but she was glad to see him, so she smiled and meant it. And he smiled down friendly as ever, and something clicked again — it was as simple as that.

"You've every stag in the place running interference for you. Any chance of my taking you home?" Just like that, after weeks without a word. Peggy's hair was not that deep auburn for nothing: a long-hurried temper began to simmer. It was all right to be big and dark and wonderful, but he needn't be so sure she'd come tearing at his whistle. There was another moment filled in with nicely placed dips.

"Cut," it was Chuck, grinning from ear to ear and breezily chiding:

"On your way, Kirk—you're blocking traffic." It was funny to see Kirk look startled. It was fine. Peggy fairly sailed across the floor with Chuck. She chortled at his wit, she turned from him to Timmy, and from Timmy to Joe, and all the time she could see out of the corner of her green eyes that Kirk was at the end of the stag line, looking moodily at the dancers; he was wearing a puzzled frown and not cutting in at all.

The hands of the gym clock said seven-thirty. The long tables were littered with the remains of sand-

wiches and cakes. The candles in the silver holders had begun to burn down, even the tawny chrysanthemums in the big vases had begun to droop a little before Kirk came back. But back he did come, a determined glint in his glance and a masterful note to his voice.

"Peggy." She was chatting with two freshmen, kids of course, but both tall and obviously impressed. "Peggy, could I see you a second?"

"Be right back." This with a flashing smile at the kids. "What, is it, Kirk?"

"Who's taking you home?" he really looked worried.

"Timmy." She was right there with the answer, gambling that the setback wouldn't drive him off for good.

"Oh." The sulky look settled on his dark face. "Well, I guess you're pretty busy—" He looked uncertain. Something behind his defensive air reached her. "Why," thought Peggy, "Kirk's scared now. He's embarrassed. He doesn't know what to say." Suddenly she knew the thing to do.

"Kirk—" she kept her voice low. "Timmy is taking me home, but I don't think he knows how I love popcorn—" He cut her off.

"So I'll come over tomorrow night, and we'll go to a show, and eat two bags of pop corn. All right, Peggy?"

"All right." Everything was wonderful — everything was perfect. Midge was right, and wishes on stars did come true. The kids were coming towards them now; Tim and Chuck and Midge were with them. Kirk would be gone in a minute, gone — until tomorrow night!

THE END

Ribbon Roundup



Sew varying lengths of gaily colored ribbons to the waist of a skirt, as shown in drawing above. Knot about 4 inches from the end. Watch the way they dance every time you take a step!

Epauuletsofinch-wide ribbon tacked firmly to the shoulders of a tired dress give you something that's not only new but also intriguingly different. Give it a try anyway; we think you'll like.

A bustle to rustle, made from the widest ribbon you can find. Simply fold, gather and stitch 2 pieces to the back of your favorite black dress and tune your pretty ears for whistles!

How's YOUR BIKE-Q?

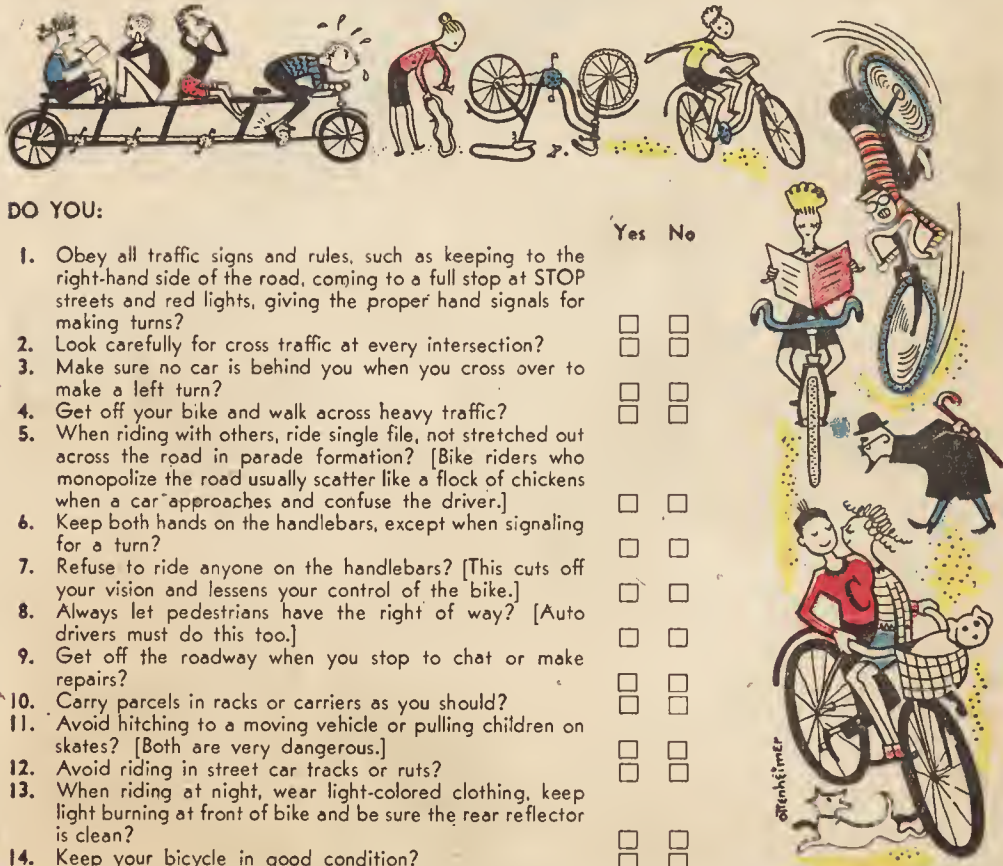
MEN like to think that women drivers cause all the traffic snarls and dented fenders between here and Van Buren, Arkansas. They get a bang out of exclaiming loudly and fiercely, "You women drivers!" Let's not deflate the male ego by giving them the real statistics in the case, but just between us girls, here's the story on *that* myth.

A lot more men than women, and more boys than girls, are injured in motor vehicle accidents each year. This includes auto accidents and bicycle casualties, too.

About three of four bicycle riders injured in motor vehicle collisions are found to have been violating some traffic rule, according to the Bicycle Institute of America. When you ride a bike you

are entitled to the same privileges of the road as the driver of a car, *but you are expected to follow the same rules for safe driving.*

Chances are that you ride and love a bicycle, like thousands of your older sisters on college campuses throughout the country. Like most of the other girls of today you probably ride easily and well, for the kind of girl you admire is smooth—she's a smooth dresser, a smooth dancer, a smooth talker. Being a smoothie just means that you do *everything* easily and well. So, even when you ride your bike, you do it right. You ride in a way that brings the greatest safety and pleasure to yourself and others who share the road. And you are getting good preparation for becoming a driver of a car in days to come, for you understand and obey the same traffic rules.



DO YOU:

- Obey all traffic signs and rules, such as keeping to the right-hand side of the road, coming to a full stop at STOP streets and red lights, giving the proper hand signals for making turns?
- Look carefully for cross traffic at every intersection?
- Make sure no car is behind you when you cross over to make a left turn?
- Get off your bike and walk across heavy traffic?
- When riding with others, ride single file, not stretched out across the road in parade formation? [Bike riders who monopolize the road usually scatter like a flock of chickens when a car approaches and confuse the driver.]
- Keep both hands on the handlebars, except when signaling for a turn?
- Refuse to ride anyone on the handlebars? [This cuts off your vision and lessens your control of the bike.]
- Always let pedestrians have the right of way? [Auto drivers must do this too.]
- Get off the roadway when you stop to chat or make repairs?
- Carry parcels in racks or carriers as you should?
- Avoid hitching to a moving vehicle or pulling children on skates? [Both are very dangerous.]
- Avoid riding in street car tracks or ruts?
- When riding at night, wear light-colored clothing, keep light burning at front of bike and be sure the rear reflector is clean?
- Keep your bicycle in good condition?

Yes No

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Give yourself two points for each Yes you have checked.
A score of 24 points or better means you know your bicycle riding.



553

553—Be a ballerina in your spare time. Make these quilted ballet slippers for bedroom or lounging. Just two pieces with ribbon trim. Pattern has directions from small to ex. large.



7189

7189—Newest teen knit-sation is this Jerkin. Easy to make in knitting worsted. Accent a tiny waist with bows. Pattern has instructions for jerkin in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16.

645—After winter sports every glamour gal relaxes to warm her tootsies in these soft, cozy sock-boots. Knitted tops with edge and sole in easy crochet. Pattern has directions for socks and soles in small, medium, large sizes.

957



957—Crocheted charm for her golden topknot. This cap makes an ideal Christmas gift. Pattern includes directions for a hood. Both in sizes small and large.

602—Shades of Tyrolian yodelers—smart crocheted suspender belts made tailored or dressy. Make one with flowers; one plain. Pattern has directions.

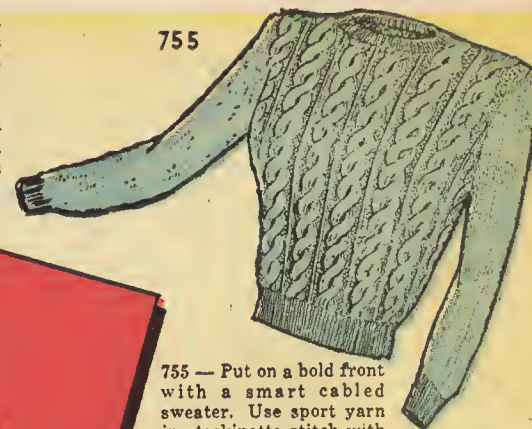


602



7063

755



755—Put on a bold front with a smart cabled sweater. Use sport yarn in stockinette stitch with cable stitch detail. Pattern has directions for sizes 12-14 and 16-18.



7447

7447—Make merry with a crocheted toque and bag set! Use knitting worsted with a different color for each tassel end. Pattern has directions for set.

7063—Glamour-back mittens—toasty warm. Knit on two needles in knitting worsteds, using contrasting color for cable. Pattern directions in small, medium and large sizes.

Send TWENTY CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: KEEN TEENS, Needlecraft Dept., 243 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

AMUSEMENT PARK

by Richard Hill

STARDUST

On September 17, 1945, Shirley Temple, suddenly grown-up (or so it seemed to people who remember her as a tot in "Little Miss Marker" and as a teen-ager in "Kathleen"), married a soldier named John Agar. Late in 1946, she got married again, this time to a fellow named Bob Mosely, whose reel name is Guy Madison. This second wedding wasn't bigamy on Shirley's part, because it took place in the RKO picture, "Honeymoon," in which Franchot Tone is featured along with the two youngsters. Shirley's next is "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."



Another RKO romance is the Barbara Hale-Bill Williams combine. Barbara and Bill were wed in June, 1946, after a two-year studio courtship which was not particularly Hollywoodish: instead of bouncing around night clubs, these two rising young players did their hand-holding in the studio luncheonette, at the beach, over chocolate sodas, and in the homes of friends. A normal romance like that might just as well have taken place in Barbara's home town of Rockford, Illinois, instead of in Glamorland. Barbara and Bill are co-starred for the first time in "A Likely Story"—which is a very likely picture.

Paramount has canned several impressive photoplays for distribution to your local theaters early in 1947. Among them are: "Cross My Heart," with Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts; "Perfect Marriage," starring Loretta Young and

David Niven (welcome back, Dave!); and "California," in which a whole roster of top talent is featured—Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Fitzgerald, Albert Dekker, and George Coulouris, among others. "Suddenly It's Spring" is also coming up. This is a comedy-drama co-starring Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray, the latter returning to Paramount after a two-year absence.

The Stardust Man, Hoagy Carmichael, is becoming as familiar to movie audiences as the Pathe rooster, the M-G-M lion, and Coming Attractions. Ever since the Bogart-Bacall opus, "To Have and Have Not," in which the great song-writer blossomed forth as an actor, Hoagy's homely, friendly visage has been thrusting into the camera lens. He played in "Johnny Angel," "Canyon Passage," and "The Best Years of Our Lives." He is definitely on the up-beat, as far as Hollywood is concerned. What's more, this busy cricket has even found time to knock out a biographical book, "The Stardust Road"—which is *must* reading.

ON THE AIR

THERE'S nothing much new in radio, except that television (full color as well as black and white) will probably be flashing pretty big in 1947. However, ever since the first squeaks came off the little crystals many years ago, radio has been a fascinating wonder. Among other things, radio has its own peculiar language—a sort of kilocycle jive talk used by the people who work to supply the ever-hungry microphones. Here's a sample of the queer chatter; try to read it . . .



"The studio contained a live mike and a pedal pusher looking at a wood pile. No godbox though; not even an *eighty-eight*. You know the pedal pusher couldn't possibly work on the wood pile, even if he had long underwear. What should you do? The answer is simple: kill the mike. Dead air is better than a turkey."

Yes, they really do talk that way, so experts in the Columbia Broadcasting System have written a book, titled "Radio Alphabet," to serve as a sort of dictionary of terms peculiar to radio and television. If you had that book handy, you'd be able to translate the preceding paragraph, as follows:

"A room especially built for the production of radio programs contained a microphone that was connected to the complete electrical system used for sending radio programs out over the air. Also present in that studio were an organ-player and a xylophone. But there was no organ, not even a piano. You know that the organ-player could not play the xylophone, even if he had sheet music. What should you do, then? The answer is simple: you should disconnect the microphone circuit. Complete silence is better than complete failure of a program."



RECORD TIME

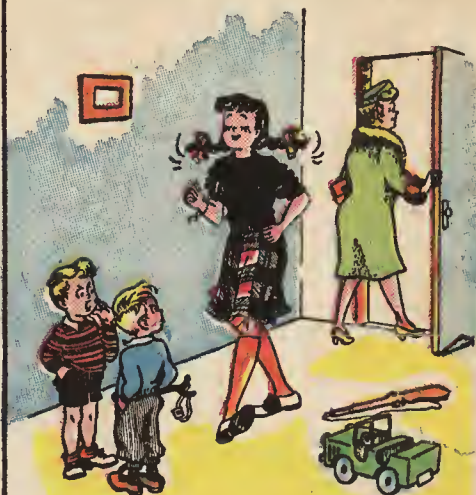
AS we go to press, things are spinning right merrily in the wax works. The wartime shortages are still being felt to an uncomfortable extent by the record-makers, but there is plenty of tuneful material for your hand box.

Columbia has released a batch of new pressings that sound pretty good to us. In smooth dance tempo is Benny Goodman's "A Gal in Calico," from the movie, "The Time, the Place, and the Girl." This record has a split personality, however, because the reverse side runs amok with a jazz blast titled "Benjie's Bubble" (a new name for an old flag-waving march called "Under the Double Eagle").

Benny has another, titled "Oh, Baby!"—taking

Susie Q. Smith

By Linda and Jerry Walter



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"Here comes the old hag who's gonna take care of us!"

two sides of the platter to tell the torrid tale. It is probably destined to become as great a hit as his famous "Sing, Sing, Sing." The great BG sextet kicks off with Benny featured on the clarinet and Mel Powell on the piano; near the end of the first side, the full band rides in. Bam!

In the soft-and-mellow department, Columbia offers two beautiful ballads by Sinatra: "This Is the Night," backed by "Hush-a-Bye Island." But gentle, Frankie's in the Waldorf-Astoria Wedgewood Room, by the way.

For snowfall time, RCA Victor has released a disc that has been steadily growing in popularity: Perry Como's twin bill, "That Christmas Feeling," and "Winter Wonderland." Very, very nice. Another Victor job with definite ear appeal, especially if you like piano-with-band, is a double take by Larry Green and his Orchestra: "For You, for Me, for Evermore," with the backing, "Either It's Love or It Isn't." Both are from new moving pictures.

Decca is on deck too. The Mills Brothers groove their old characteristic pattern with "I'm Afraid to Love You" supported by "You Broke the Only Heart That Ever Loved You." The Andrew Sisters go to work on "A Rainy Night in Rio," with more Latin patter on the reverse in the shape of "The Coffee Song." And there's an unusual Decca album called "Hexapoda—Five Studies in Jitteroptera" by Robert Russell Bennett, with Jascha Heifetz (of all people!) playing the numbers, assisted by Emanuel Bay on the piano.

Change the needle!

NO MALE FOR PEG



Dear Peg:
the first day here I met an
old flame of yours— Bob Bartler



he gave me some ski
lessons and he was



You know how wonderfully Bob dances—
well—we won the dance
contest at the club—



then we took a walk— it
was such a beautiful night,
Peg—



did Bob ever take you for a
sleigh ride, Peg?— well—



next day we got lost on a ski
trip— just Bob and me—



Bob won the loving cup—
for sleeping, of course!!



See you soon, Peg. Dear—
bye now Marge
PS Bob and I are announcing our
engagement when we get
back— hope you'll come to
the party— Marge

PRETTY

4668



4668—Suits Jr. Miss. A super pleated skirt, topnotched by a smart pinch-waist jacket with fly front. Jr. Miss sizes 11-17. Size 13, 2 1/4 yds. 54 in.; 1/4 yd. contrast.



4705

4705—Three cheers for the skirt, jerkin and blouse in Teen-age sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12, skirt, jerkin, 1 1/2 yds. 54 in.; blouse, 1 1/4 yds. 35 in.

4928—Trim ship-shape skirt is battened-down with buttons. Blouse has mariners neck, deep armhole sleeves. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 skirt, 1 1/4 yds. 54 in.; blouse, 1 1/4 yds.

4928

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: KEEN TEENS, Pattern Dept., 243 W. 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.



PLEASIN'



4927

4927—Most likely to succeed—this versatile frock is top-rated for school or movie dates. Teen-age sizes 10-16. Size 12, 2 1/2 yds. 39 inch.



4922

FIFTEEN CENTS more for the new Fall and Winter Pattern Book.



4590

4590—Unbeatable set for Juniors! Skirt, drop-shoulder blouse, and stocking cap. Teen-age sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 skirt, blouse, cap, 2 1/4 yds. 54 inch.

4922—Two for one! This jumper can also be worn without the blouse for a date dress. Jr. Miss sizes 11-17. Size 13, jumper, 1 1/4 yds. 54 in.; 1 1/4 yds. 39 in.

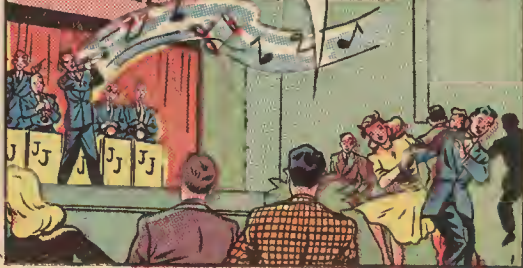
JUKE JANSON



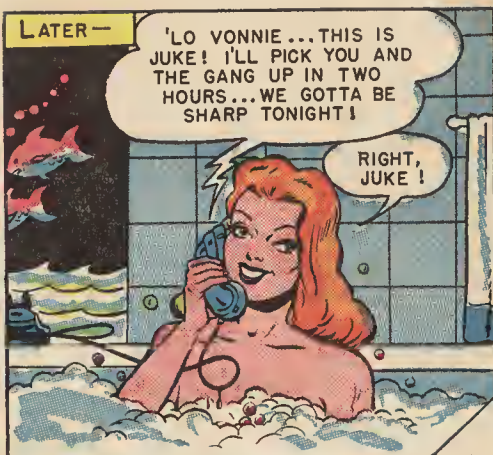
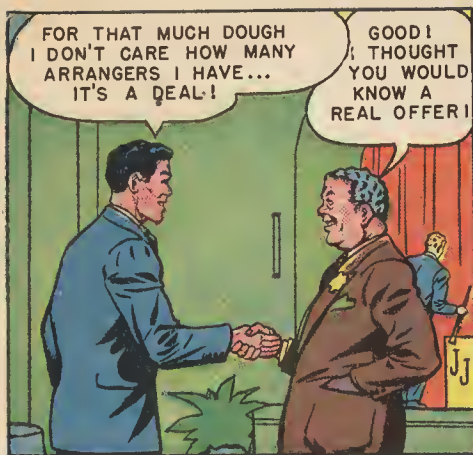
WHETHER PLAYING TO HEP CATS ON MAIN STREET OR TO THE SOPHISTICATES AT THE SWANK SURF CLUB, JUKE JANSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA NOT ONLY PROVIDE TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT, BUT EXCITEMENT AS WELL...

"JITTERBUG JAMBOREE"

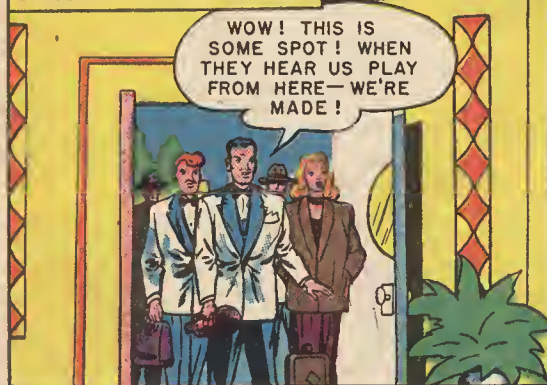
LISTEN TO THAT TRUMPET...JUKE'S REALLY *SENDING* THEM TONIGHT!







SOON JUKE JANSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA ARRIVE AT THE GLASSY SURF CLUB A FEW MILES OUT OF TOWN...

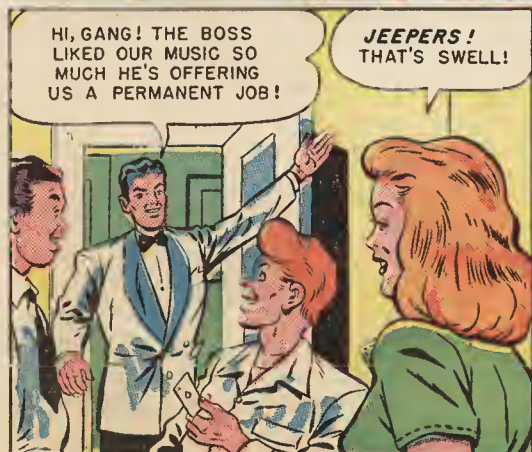




AT THAT MOMENT IN A SORDID SECTION OF TOWN...



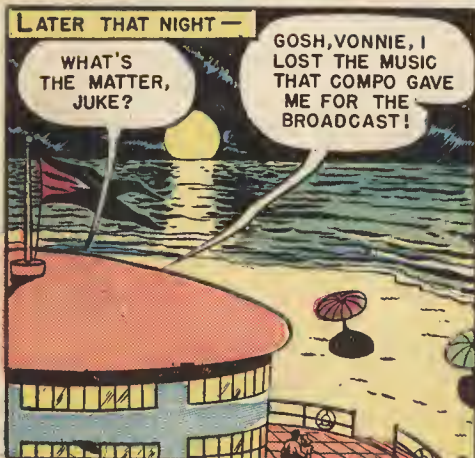
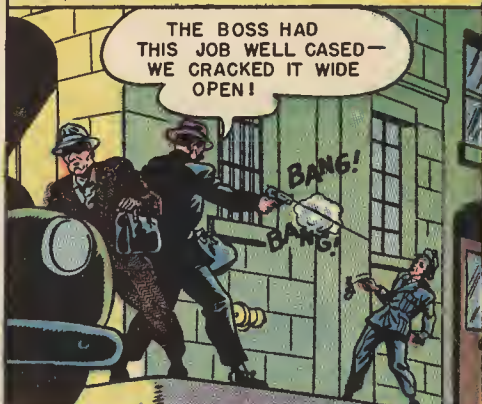
AND THE NEXT DAY JUKE'S BAND SEEMS TO HAVE GONE OVER EVEN BETTER THAN HE EXPECTED...



AGAIN JUKE SENDS COMPO'S MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS OVER THE ETHER...



AND GANGSTER GUNS SOON RESOUND IN THE DARKENED STREETS...







THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SETUP... WHY DID HE BLOW UP LIKE THAT?

JUKE, THOSE MEN **ARE** UP TO SOMETHING!

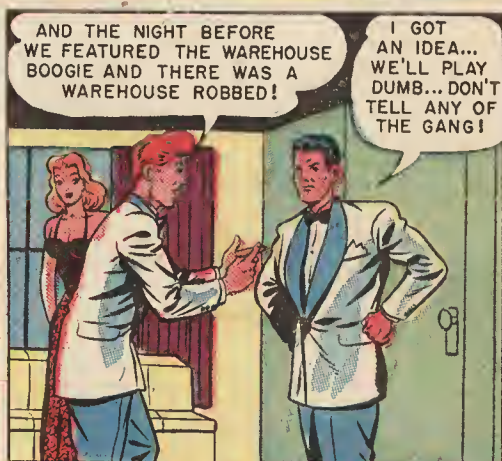


I GOT IT! WHEN WE *DIDN'T* PLAY THOSE NUMBERS TONIGHT WE MUST HAVE UPSET THEIR PLANS... THAT'S IT — **THOSE NUMBERS WERE PLANNED!**



LET'S SEE THAT NEWSPAPER — BANK ROBBERY... FIRST NATIONAL! THAT WAS OUR BIG NUMBER LAST NIGHT!

AND OUR MUSIC MUST HAVE BEEN THE **SIGNAL** FOR THAT ROBBERY!



AND THE NIGHT BEFORE WE FEATURED THE WAREHOUSE BOOGIE AND THERE WAS A WAREHOUSE ROBBERED!

I GOT AN IDEA... WE'LL PLAY DUMB... DON'T TELL ANY OF THE GANG!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT, JUKE. HERE ARE YOUR NEW NUMBERS!

OKAY, COMPO — NO HARD FEELINGS!

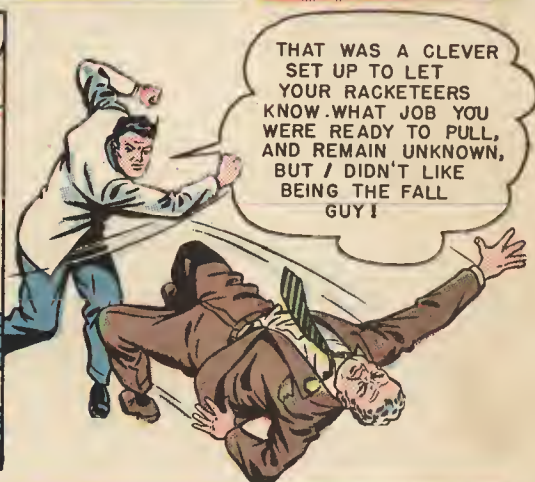


HE'S GONE...

LET'S SEE — HERE'S OUR BIG SONG TONIGHT... **"DIAMOND LIL"** AND IT'S THIRD ON THE LIST!

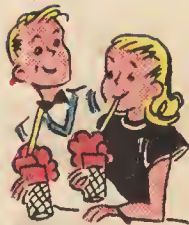


HELLO. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROBBERY TONIGHT AT THE DIAMOND BROKER HOUSE ON THIRD AVE. SEND POLICE THERE!



Like a good
investment,

ETIQUETTE PAYS



SAY, Janie, would you like to go to the dance with me next month?" Would you! He may not be Van and the school gym may not be the Waldorf . . . but it's your very first formal and you're thrilled to pieces.



Comes the Great Night. You're decked out in a dream of a dress, your hair looks simply super . . . but your knees are making like Xavier Cugat's rumba rattles. Suppose you should say or do the wrong thing; suppose you're left stranded in the middle of the dance floor (horrid thought!) suppose no one cuts in . . . or what'll you say if someone does? Relax, sister, relax. Remember, etiquette is about eighty per cent plain everyday common sense, and the other twenty per cent is simple enough to learn. Better do your brushing up ahead of time, though.

Cutting in, for example. Even though Johnny's the current light of your life, don't look lingeringly after him when Tom cuts in. Turn to your new partner with a pleasant smile and a cheerful remark. That's

how you'll earn your reputation as a smoothie.

Suppose Tom's the kind of a drip who leaves girls stranded in the middle of the floor after a number has ended. Knowing his shortcomings, you'd better suggest, just before the final note, that he take you over to where your friends are sitting. Otherwise, that lone journey across the floor will seem like the last mile—and put you down in some people's books as a very unhep character.

When Johnny takes you home after your very wonderful evening, be sure to tell him what a perfectly grand time you had. Remember, the night's entertainment represents a lot of saved-up allowance . . . at least he's entitled to know his money is well spent. To kiss or not to kiss? That's strictly between you and your conscience. No nice boy is offended by a pleasant "Not tonight."

And want to bet he calls very soon for another date? This time let's suppose it's for the movies. Better give your movie manners a quick going-over to see if they measure up. Where do you go when Johnny is waiting in line to buy tickets? Stand off to one side and rejoin him when he's ready to enter the lobby. No usher in sight? Then it's Johnny first down the aisle, with your bringing up the rear. When he spots seats he'll stand aside and let you enter the row first. Naturally you'll murmur "Excuse me" as you pass in front of people (If two couples go together, one boy enters the row first, then both

girls, and then the second boy.) Leaving, the procedure is reversed. Johnny leaves the row first but waits for you in the aisle and allows you to precede him up the aisle.

If you stop off somewhere for a post-movie soda or snack, don't spoil the good impression you've made on Johnny by displaying poor table manners. First of all, you never, never give your order directly to the waiter. Tell Johnny what you want and he'll pass the information along. If, however, the waiter recovers a glove you've dropped, by all means, thank him yourself.



Remember, your table manners can spell the difference between social success and failure. Nobody likes to date a gal who constantly commits faux pas. A quick check of the most popular girls in your school will probably reveal that they're the kind who are never fazed by any situation but know exactly what to do at all times.

Our 40-page Reader Service booklet, "The New Book of Everyday Etiquette" can help you. Send 25 cents (coin) to Keen Teens Readers Service, 243 W 17th St., New York 11, N. Y. Print name, address, title of booklet.



PARTY LINE

**You ring the bell
by planning well.**

SO you're going to have a party! The invitations are out, the house in order, the refreshments prepared. Or are you ready to give your party a helping hand if it threatens to fall apart at the seams? You know what we mean . . . those horrible lulls when nobody seems to be doing anything or having any fun. It's the wise cookie who has a number of games in mind for just such occasions as these.

Remember, your games must fit the occasion and the guests; what will go over big with one group may fall flat with another. So use your good judgment. Here are some suggestions that may help contribute to the success of your next party.

Ice Breakers

Party beginnings are important, particularly if the guests haven't met before. An ice breaker like Famous Foods

will help put them at ease. Write down all the "partner" food combinations you can think of. Print the name of each food on a card. As your guests arrive, hand each a card. The fellow locates his partner for the first dance or game by hunting for the mate to his food. For example, "baked beans" will pair with "brown bread"; "lettuce" with "tomato"; "bacon" with "liver." You get the idea.

Active Games

If you're in the mood for nonsense, try Paul Revere's Ride. Ask one of your good-natured guests to be Paul and show him the path he has to travel with his news. On the floor you've put a glass of water, a plant, a hat, a milk bottle . . . whatever you wish. Allow Paul to walk carefully through the obstacles once and then blindfold him for a return journey. Only this time

you've removed all the objects from the floor and the whole gang is howling at his high-stepping antics. We warned you; better choose a good-natured Paul!

Magic Tricks

Everybody likes to be fooled some of the time. A stunt like Leaping Joker is easy to pull off—and won't the crowd be mystified! Take the joker from a deck of cards, put it on top of the deck, take it off and show it to the gang. Then put it in the middle of the deck. Tap your fingers three times against the table. Presto! The joker is right back on top again. How'd you do it? Simple: instead of holding up one joker for ail to see, you held up two identical ones, put them both on top of the deck, then remove only one to the middle of the deck. So one joker stayed obligingly on top of the deck.

- ☐ 13 Touch Typing Self-Taught
- ☐ 27 How to Write Letters for all Occasions
- ☐ 45 New Book of Everyday Etiquette
- ☐ 60 Games for Good Parties
- ☐ 65 Let Me Tell Your Fortune
- ☐ 78 How to Raise and Train Your Dog
- ☐ 81 Practical Instruction for the Home Nurse
- ☐ 201 Guide to Jobs: Where and How to Get Them

All the booklets on these pages may be obtained from our Reader Service for TWENTY-FIVE cents each. Check those you wish and send with remittance (in coins) to KEEN TEENS, Reader Service, 243 W. 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Name

Address

City..... Zone.... State.....

Amount enclosed.....

HONEY



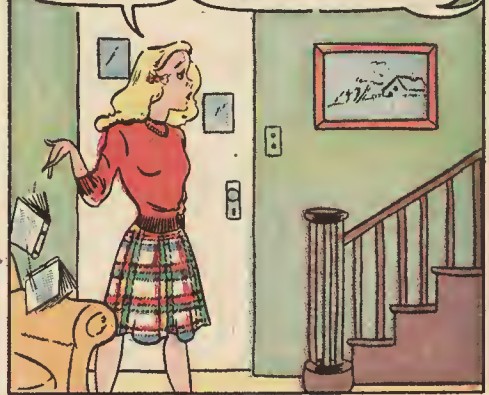
HONEY, I JUST *HAVE* TO HAVE A NEW GOWN FOR THAT TEA DANCE. MMM—MMM, BUT I *DO*!

THE RITZ-KITZ SHOP HAS SOME DARLING SPECIALS, LUCY. THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING.



MOTHER! ARE YOU HOME?

YES DEAR I'M CLEANING—COME UP AND HELP ME.



MOTHER, THE TEA DANCE IS SATURDAY AND I JUST DEFINITELY HAVE TO HAVE A NEW GOWN FOR IT. MAY I, MOTHER?

WE'LL GO DOWN AND SEE MADAM PRENTICE, TOMORROW!



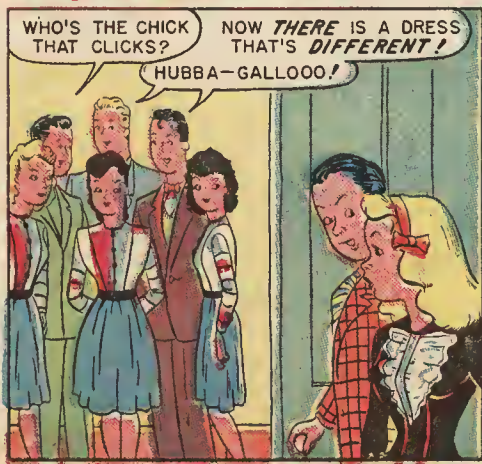
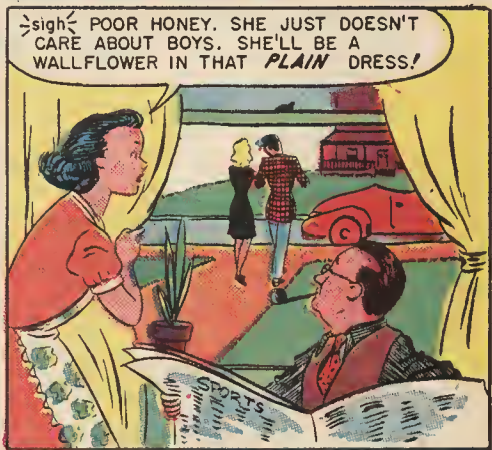
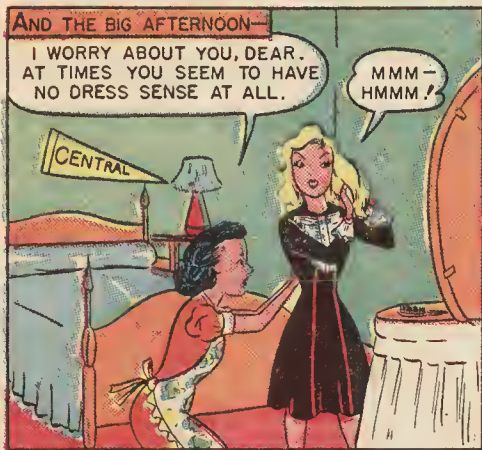
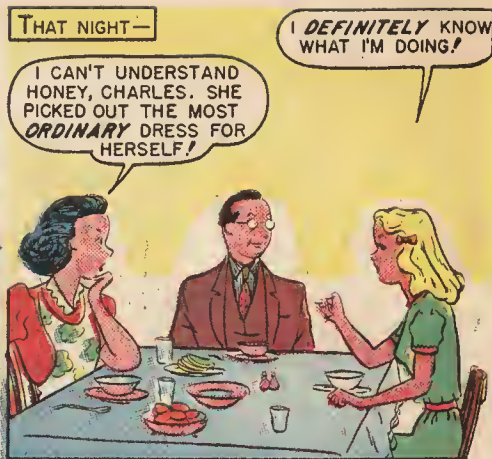
SO CHIC AND SO *EXCLUSIVE*! MY OWN CREATION. NOT *ANOTHER* ONE LIKE IT IN TOWN!

I THINK IT WILL DO.

HORRORS, MOTHER? NO, NO!



AT THE RITZ-KITZ SHOP, NEXT AFTERNOON.





Tom and I were getting along fine, but then Hal came along to drag me home in that overgrown junk-heap he calls an automobile . . .

MEN

ARE

SO ADOLESCENT

by AMYLOU LEWIS

BUT, FRED, he's twenty-two, and I don't know whether . . .

"Now, Mother, our girl is getting to be quite a young lady, washes her neck and everything! Besides, Tom Granger is a nice lad; I've known him for years." And Dad turned back to his paper with the "there-it's-all-settled" attitude he always uses when he feels his arguments are not quite convincing enough.

The discussion had blown up suddenly over a casual little remark I'd made about Tom Granger asking me to go to the church picnic as his date. Of course, it wasn't a casual affair with me at all. For the past three months, I'd been worshipping Tom Granger from afar, and working like mad, pulling every string I knew to get him to notice how grown-up I was looking with my hair in a smooth roll. Why, I'd even taken to wearing stockings around places where he might see me. I'd pictured meeting him a hundred different ways; but my favorite was a crowded restaurant where I would be sipping an *aperitif* (I'm not too sure what an *aperitif* is, but it fits in somehow!) and he would suddenly see me and come over and say, "Aren't you Karen Nesbitt?", and when I smiled with a sort of bored look, and invited him to join me as if it were just out of politeness, he'd say something clever and sophisticated like, "Of course, I realize all this loveliness can't have been sent just to cheer me up after a dull day, but don't you think the sun is shining a little brighter now?"

Somehow I never got any farther than that. Of course, it didn't happen like that at all. I don't know what it is about the Nesbitt family, but we just seem to attract drabness. Nothing exciting ever happens to us; we've never even been robbed. About

a year ago, every house on our side of the street was robbed, and the night they were going to rob us, the police caught them; after I sat up all night with the kitchen knife under my housecoat picturing myself catching him red-handed and testifying in court and having my picture in the paper, and maybe getting a threatening note and everything . . .

Well, anyhow, about the way I finally got to meet Tom Granger. Hal was giving me his usual Sunday afternoon dissertation about how wonderful he is and what a lucky girl I was to have him to take me out, and I was struggling not to laugh in his face, because all I could think of was what Maybelle Archer had said in church that morning about Hal's being my trained seal. Maybelle's usually an awful cat, but when I thought how sore Hal would be if I told him, I had to laugh.

"Karie," he says, in what he fondly thinks is a sweet, affectionate tone (that's the worst of having a name like Karen—it always gets shortened to Karie, and then where are you? How can you be sophisticated when people insist on calling you Karie?) I reprove him firmly, but nothing stops Hal . . .

"Okay, okay, Karen," he says, somewhat less sweetly and affectionately, but still with a wheedling tone, so I know right off his Mother has been at him to go to the Young People's Group again and he's going to try to pass it off as his own idea, but I look receptive and let him hold my hand anyway, because after all, a girl has to have some fun; you can't just sit around waiting to meet Tom Granger all your life, and Hal has the loveliest wavy hair imaginable—which is what attracted me to him in the first place, that and his being the only one who knew all the sharpest dance steps.

How old is too old? That's generally a hard question for a girl (or her parents) to answer, and Karen Nesbitt was no exception to the rule—especially when it came to good-looking Tom Granger. Hal was all right and he had nice hair, but he was kind of young . . .

Anyhow, that night we get to this young people's clambake fairly late, because of course, you should always keep a man waiting and I might as well practice on Hal till somebody better comes along, and besides, it's easier to make an entrance if you're late. Well, it seems this group's putting on a play, and they're rehearsing away a mile a minute when we get there.

The minute Maybelle Archer, who seems to be the whole cheese here, gets a look at Hal, she hauls him away to fill in somebody's part, and I'm left to sit and watch. I never was much at sitting and watching, so I wander out in the hall. Besides, the sight of Maybelle making goo-goo eyes at Hal would make anybody sick, and he's so dumb he falls for it. You'd think he'd know by now that Maybelle makes those eyes at anything in pants, but men are terrifically adolescent!

The second I start to open the hall door, somebody on the other side pulls it out, and I fall flat into a pair of brown tweed arms....

"Gee, for goodness sakes...Who do you...?" I look up at him and almost faint dead away. It's Tom Granger, and me in *anklets*!

"I'm sorry, kid, guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Tom Granger."

"How do you do. I'm Karen Nesbitt... It was all my fault... You can put me down now, or it'll be another nickel!"

He put me down rather suddenly, and took a sort of surprised look at me. "You're *not* such a kid, are you? Well, Karen Nesbitt, let's go and sit down and watch the drama in progress."

We watched a while and then we went out on the church steps and sat and talked. He told me all about college, and I told him all about class day

and the senior play and graduation, and we were getting along fine, when pretty soon Hal comes out and drags me off home without even speaking to Tom.

We get into that overgrown junk-heap he calls a car, and pretty soon I notice that the ride is comparatively silent. At least nobody's talking, and although I'd rather sit and think about Tom, I wonder what ails Hal, so make some crack about Maybelle and he waits a while and then says, with his voice loaded with sarcasm, "I didn't think you'd noticed. You were so busy taking care of the aged-and-feeble contingent!"

This just about floors me, but I rally bravely. There never was a time when I couldn't out-talk Hal Campbell.

"If you're referring to Tom Granger in that childish way, he's neither old nor feeble, as you'd probably find out if you had the nerve to say that to his face! Besides, twenty-two is just a nice age for a man; they've outgrown that silly, childish jealousy they're so proud of at seventeen. I think a man should be about six years older than a woman, because women are so far ahead of them *mentally*!"

This holds him in silence until we get home, where I kiss him hard and run in the house, 'cause after all, his hair is very nice and he's sort of a comfort to have around.

Well, I guess that kiss got him, because the next morning he calls me up before I'm even awake, and is his usual bright, cheery self on the phone.

"Hello, Pug-nose, how's the blight of my life this morning?"

"Very funny," I say coldly, because after all, nine o'clock in the morning is no time for humor, especially Hal's humor. He isn't very squelched, though, and comes right through with a handsome offer to take me to the movies, and right away I know there must be something wrong, because it's only Monday and he never takes me till Wednesday; but I accept and make a mental resolve to take advantage of this penitent mood while it lasts, and make him see the latest Jim Mason picture instead of Abbott and Costello, whose low humor he prefers.

He really amazes me that night, though, 'cause he suggests James Mason and opens doors for me and even tells me how he likes my new nail polish, and doesn't pull any corny jokes all evening. On the way home, in the car, he finally gets around to what's been on his mind all evening, and innocently pushes the conversation around to Tom Granger and says how he saw him last night after he left me.

"How nice," I say, being just as innocent as he is.

"Dunno how nice he is, but the little blonde he had with him certainly was stuff!" He says this with a leer in his voice that's supposed to make me terrifically jealous, but I just ignore him and look out the window, and pretty soon he says:

"Guess he'll be taking her to the church picnic, huh? A guy wouldn't let go of a nice hunk of stuff like that for just anybody that came along."

"Hal Campbell, if you're referring to me as just anybody, or insinuating that I care whom Tom

Susie Q. Smith ☆ By Linda and Jerry Walter



"Sure, c'mon over—we can dig up something to do!"



We danced only one dance and it was just awful . . . !

Granger takes to the picnic, you're much mistaken!"

At this point he stops the car with his usual lurch in front of my door and I'm thrown almost on top of him, so he immediately makes one of his feeble passes at me and says,

"Aw Karie, I didn't . . ." At which point I calmly slap his face and walk into the house with great dignity.

After that events happened pretty quickly, 'cause Tom Granger came around to see Dad one night about the church finances, and I had on a new dress and stockings, and he stayed all evening and we played Rummy and it would have been just perfect if Dad hadn't monopolized Tom's conversation all evening. The next day I just happened to be walking down town where he works about lunch time and he came out and said he was going to call me and would I like to go to the church picnic with him! Well, I know you should always refuse a first date but this seemed as though it should be an exception so I said yes, I'd love to, and he bought me a coke and I went home in such a daze I almost got killed crossing the street.

Dad and I together finally overwhelmed Mother's objections and the day of the picnic Tom came for me early and on the road we just sailed by Hal and Maybelle in his old tin-can and I could have crowed with joy!

Everything went fine at the picnic until after lunch when the kids all got up a baseball game. Well, I play catcher usually, and I'm just as good as most of the boys, but Tom didn't want to play,

so of course I couldn't. Maybelle played catcher and missed about every third ball and Hal was so exasperated he almost died.

I thought it was sort of funny that Tom didn't want to play, but I didn't say anything, so we just walked around and chatted with people all afternoon. I was feeling sort of bored by evening, but after supper the kids started a yic and I thought now I'd show them how a real college man dances, but Tom was strictly an icky and all they played was jive, so we only danced one dance and it was just awful!

By ten o'clock when all the kids were really opening up and doing square dances and having jive contests, I was nearly dying with boredom and anger while Tom discussed the new church trustee with Dad.

When we got home at twelve (we didn't say a word all the way home—he likes to concentrate on his driving at night!), I could have cried and I guess Mother thought it was awfully funny the way I slammed the door and tore upstairs when she asked me how Tom and I had gotten along.

It didn't help my temper any, the next morning, to hear Dad saying just as I was coming down to breakfast, "Well, I told you it would be all right. These crushes never last if you give them enough rope."

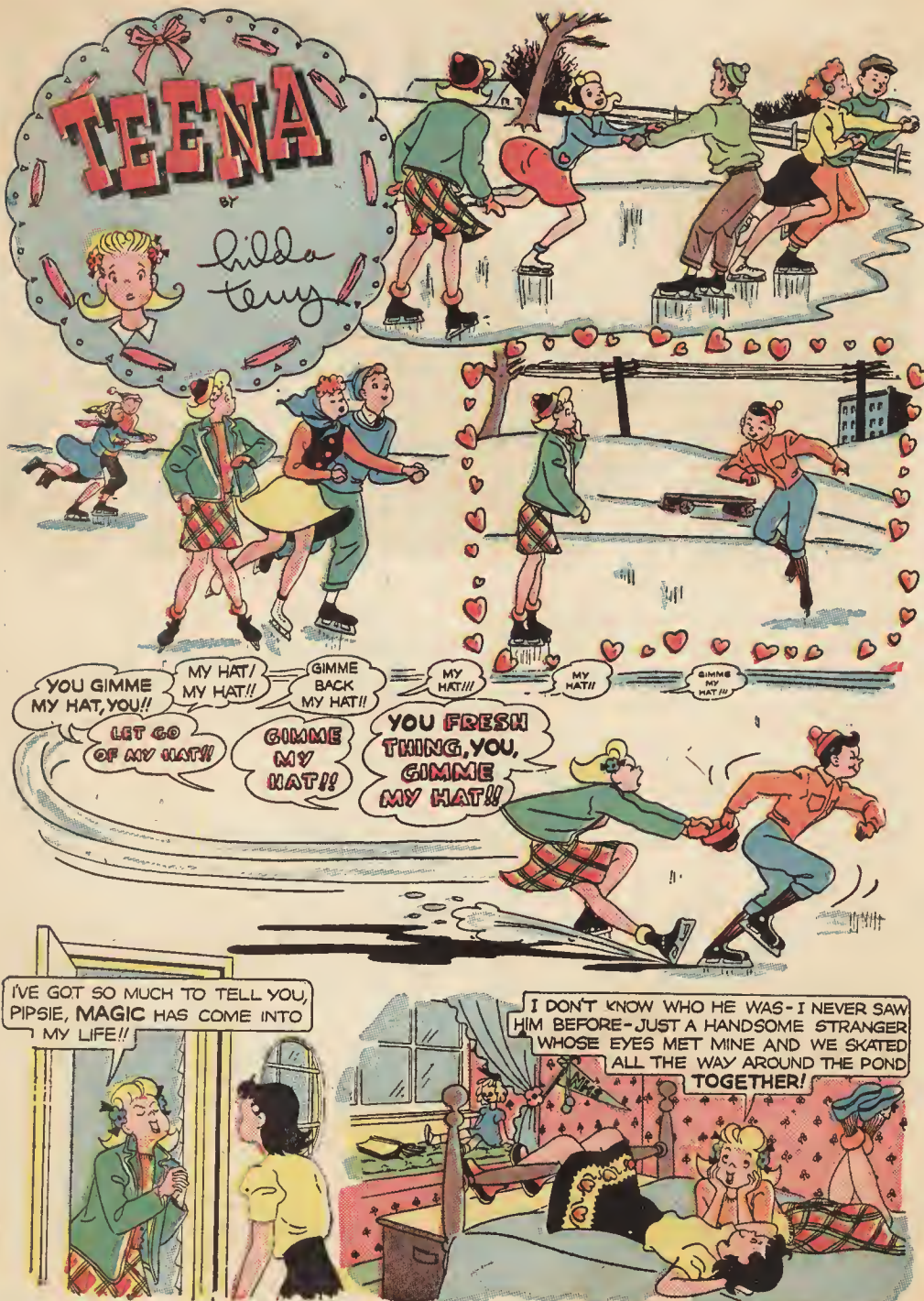
I was just furious, but Hal called up about ten, and said he'd love to take me to see Guy Madison, so I felt better then; besides his hair is really lovely.

THE END

TEENA

BY

Lilla Terry



YOU GIMME
MY HAT, YOU!!

MY HAT/
MY HAT!!

GIMME
BACK
MY HAT!!

MY
HAT!!!

MY
HAT!!

GIMME
MY
HAT!!

LET GO
OF MY HAT!!

GIMME
MY
HAT!!

YOU FRESH
THING, YOU,
GIMME
MY HAT!!

I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO TELL YOU,
PIPSIE, MAGIC HAS COME INTO
MY LIFE!!

I DON'T KNOW WHO HE WAS - I NEVER SAW
HIM BEFORE - JUST A HANDSOME STRANGER
WHOSE EYES MET MINE AND WE SKATED
ALL THE WAY AROUND THE POND
TOGETHER!

Spring-cleaning means more than a household shake-up when it comes to clothes. You have to be tricky too . . .

Spring

preening

BIRDS will be getting new feathers this Spring; even snakes will be getting new skins. But you, genus homo, will probably have to be economical and make some of last Spring's wardrobe do for another season. That's not so tragic as it sounds. Houses get redecorated, faces get lifted; likewise those clothes of yours can be given a bright new look with the trimming tricks shown here. Any girl who's ever pushed a needle through cloth can handle any one of these sharp but simple conversion jobs and have fun at the same time by deciding the shape, color and texture of the decorations. So get out that last year's basic dress or blouse or skirt and apply the ideas that appeal to you: 1. Wool couching and sequins on sleeves and around neckline. Couching is done by tracing a design on the cloth, laying a heavy yarn or thread on the design, and fastening it down with yarn or thread. 2. Wide grosgrain ribbon bows at your waistline. 3. Sequins scattered over the front of your dress, about three inches apart, to add color and sparkle and put your garment in the "dressed up" classification. 4. Bands of contrasting color cut from bias material, around the armholes of your blouse or dress, and possibly repeated at the waist. Bands will look better in two different widths. 5. Sou-tache or gold braid around neckline or sleeves, looped in patterns you can make up yourself. 6. Rows of saddle stitching (simple over and under stitch) in rows across the front of your dress, using wool yarn. By varying the length of the stitches and by using parallel rows, all kinds of interesting designs can be made.

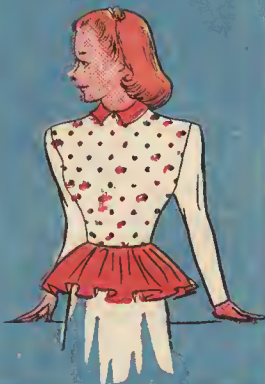
1



2



3



4



5



Designs by Spool Cotton Company

6



gma



"You sure look sharp, Mom! . . . Pick up something nice for me while you're downtown . . ."



Hmm! Mom's sure got the stuff for glamour—and I have a date with on-the-agenda Ray . .



I can just hear him — "Wendy, you're simply devastating . . . I mean, terrific . . ."



"You're so mysterious . . ."



"So dangerous . . ."



"So natural . . ."



Oh, well — Ray'll probably go for an upsweep . . . Super-sophisticated — Oh-oh! There's the door bell . . .

"Ulp! Ray . . . !"

TWENTY QUESTIONS

WE ... so, maybe we're not giving you exactly the kind of magazine you would like to have. If we're not, we want to find it out as soon as possible in order to get ourselves on the beam without delay. Because this magazine has been planned as your magazine—and it isn't yours if it fails to please you in any respect—so we think you ought to have a pretty big say in the matter. How about it? Want to give us a hand, chums ... ? Here is what we'd like you to do. A list of questions follows, posing some of the problems which we'd like to have solved. Will you take a soft pencil, or crayon, and check the boxes (YES or NO) to indicate your opinion.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1—Do you PREFER a photograph on the cover? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2—Or, would you PREFER a drawing there? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3—Or, a COMBINATION of both, as we've done? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4—We printed THREE short stories. Like MORE? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5—Or, do you think three stories are ENOUGH? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6—Would you enjoy articles on sports? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7—Interested in photography (not technical)? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8—Want articles on careers for girls? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9—Would you like a page devoted to COOKING? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10—How about an "advice" column (general)? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 11—Should such a column handle romantic problems? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12—Should we stress FASHIONS more? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 13—How about pattern pages? Like them? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 14—Like to read advertisements in magazines? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 15—Would you want more material on Hollywood? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 16—How about radio? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 17—Do you go for music, including records? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 18—How about a department devoted to books? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 19—Should we publish poems? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 20—Do you like puzzles and quizzes? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Now, as you see, we have provided a coupon for you to clip and mail to us after you have transferred your conclusions from the boxes beside the questions to the matching boxes on the coupon. What about it, Teens? Will you help us

	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO
1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	6	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	11	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	12	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	8	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	13	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	9	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	14	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	10	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	15	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
16	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	20	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>			

Your name
 Address
 City & State
 Your age (if you don't mind!)

How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE



To avoid saving money, the first thing is to cut off all your pockets. Thus you will have to carry your money in your hand. Which will insure that you—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—quicker!



Also avoid piggy banks. The kiddies in particular are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. And be sure to avoid budgets or, before you know it, you'll be in the black! It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.



Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds—or it's *impossible* not to save money! These pay fat interest—4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidious Payroll Savings Plan which is *automatic*. With it, you may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income! Get-gat-gittle!



IF YOU MUST
SAVE

Danny Kaye

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

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Have you always admired and envied the delicate beauty and fine skin texture of the famous fashion-models? Then here's your chance to profit by one of their secret beauty rites. Try a Mint Julep Cocktail Facial in the privacy of your own home. It's the very same treatment designed by an outstanding dermatologist and now featured at the smartest Beauty Salons for as much as \$2.50. After the rigors of a crowded day's schedule, many of the nationally known models find soothing, cooling relaxation with a Mint Julep Cocktail Facial. It's a lippy routine that leaves your skin immaculately clean, fresh and young, and sets you up for the fun of play-time hours.

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Are you a "back-number" with the opposite sex? You don't have to be—for every girl is born with natural charm. But you must know how to bring it out! Now at last an amazing book, "Better Than Beauty" by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities) shows you how to cultivate your inborn charm, glamour and captivating personality. Just as this wonderful guide to popularity has helped thousands of others, so it can help you also. It will show you how to be the kind of girl that other girls envy and boys admire.

"Better Than Beauty" was originally published at \$1.98. But here is a sensational combination gift offer: You get "Better Than Beauty" . . . plus an *intimately* important book "How to Get Your Man and Hold Him" . . . plus a special gift with this offer of three jars of beauty-building facial creams—all for only \$1.98, the original price of one book alone! See special offer below.

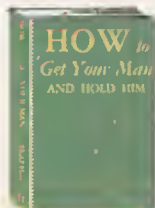
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"BETTER THAN BEAUTY" Your Complete Guide to Charm

• Part of Contents •

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
13. How much sleep do you need?
14. When is a girl smartly dressed?
15. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
16. How to dress if you are very tall.
17. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do.
18. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
19. Building your wardrobe.
20. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.

21. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
22. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IM- PROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

23. How to meet people in cordial and poised manners.
24. Adding interest to your voice.
25. The art of conversation.
26. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
27. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
28. Having a good time at a party.
29. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
30. How are your telephone manners?
31. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
32. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
33. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
34. How to handle the question of money matters.
35. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
36. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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